THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. X SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 9

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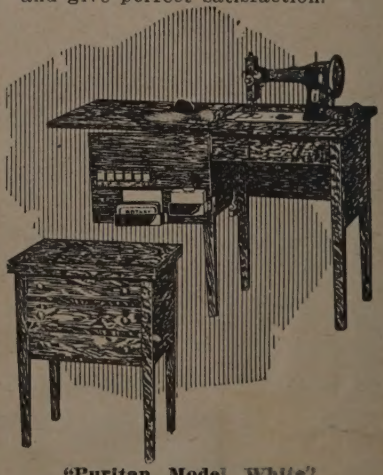

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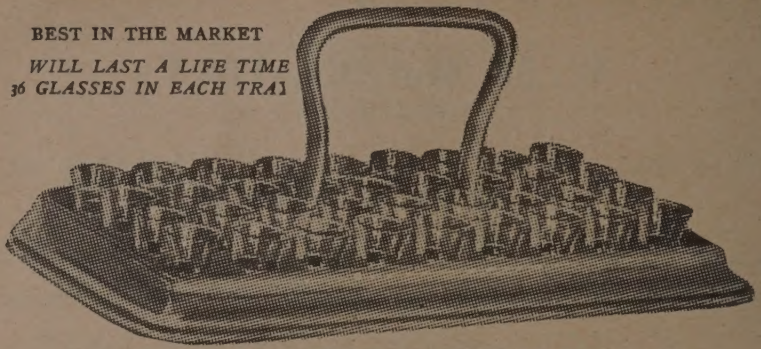

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Cumorah

Ruth May Fox.

Away! Away with your ancient lore,
We have one Bible, we'll brook no more;
The cannon of scripture is all complete,
The wisdom of ages lie at our feet;
Since Science has turned her gilded key
All that has been, all that shall be,
Will swiftly unfold, no need appears
For new revelation, for prophets or seers.

So said the wise, with a haughty smile,
While the youthful seer their lips revile;
The meek and lowly saw dreams fulfilled—
"The Lord is God," every doubt was stilled.

But right is might, 'spite the world's dark frown,
As ever Truth wears a jeweled crown;
Though viciously hurled from her rightful throne,
Triumphant she comes into her own.

Behold, ye scoffers! yon sacred mound
The site of an ancient battle-ground,
Where nations, forgetful of God and man,
Fought to the death. Their red blood ran
'Til a race was drained; one man alone
Survived the carnage; with sorrow prone
Moroni buried the records deep,
With a prayer to God that the earth should keep
Them safe for the remnant of the land,
Should a few be spared of that stricken band;
That the faith of their fathers, their woes, their pain,
Might preserve the children from sin's deep stain.

Look once again at Cumorah's hill
Where the morning beams their radiance spill
On Joseph's face; through the golden light
He looks on the form of an angel bright,
With the sheen of heaven, who gives him the plates—
The golden leaves which open the gates
Of mystery. The records teem
With words prophetic—a living stream
Concerning this land—Moroni's land
Which God preserved with an outstetched hand,
That here His banner might be unfurled
Which should wave good cheer to a failing world.

The Book goes forth on its shining way
Nor earth nor hell its power can stay.
An immortal man, a mortal youth
Ordained to flood the world with truth.

THE HILL CUMORAH

THE

Relief Society Magazine

Vol. X SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 9

The Book of Mormon Tested

Alice Louise Reynolds.

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."—Book of Mormon, Moroni, 10:4.

His Mother Gave Him The Book of Mormon.

He was a little boy living in Ogden, Utah, born just five years after the pioneers entered the valley.

He learned to read when he was very young, and although he was only seven years of age when the Book of Mormon was given to him by his mother, he had read *Sindbad the Sailor* and other stories that are the product of imagination.

It was in the summer time when the book was first placed in the little fellow's hands, so he seated himself in the shade of the log cabin and began to read it. He had read but a few pages when he said to himself, "This book is not like the other books I have read; this book is true. It is from God!" The conviction of the truth of the book that took hold of the child has never left him. Although he is a man considerably past middle life at the present time, a man of large experience and of many varied testimonies, yet he says the Book of Mormon holds a unique place in his experience which is held by no other book. More than that, he tells us that the feeling that came to him that the book is true and of God is always present whenever he reads it. Other books of scripture carry with them something of the same feeling, but not in the same measure or degree as does the Book of Mormon.

This man is one of the very best known men among the Latter-day Saints. Were I to go into the details of his life, there would be comparatively few of my readers who would not identify him. He has electrified audiences all over the Church and in the mission field with the power of his testimony. He

was once asked, by the president of a mission, to visit a family where the wife had joined the Church, but where the husband was still skeptical. He talked most of the night with the man who pondered in his heart the things he heard, and as a result, joined the Church. His son, then a mere lad, listened to the conversation of that night with rapt attention. Later in calling the incident to mind he said to me, "That, too, was the night of my conversion as well as that of my father." This family moved to Utah and both the father and the son are occupying prominent places, one in the Church, the other in the State.

The driving force behind this man, who was the little boy in Ogden, is like unto the force that was kindled within his soul as he sat by the log cabin reading the book that his mother gave him.

His Sweetheart Gave Him the Book of Mormon

Two or three years ago a young man came from the mountainous districts of Central Europe to Utah. He was not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His mother and a number of his sisters, and possibly a brother, had joined the Church. When he was a lad he went to live with an uncle, who was very prosperous, so that his association with the members of his own family had not been as close as that of his brothers and sisters.

He loved his mother, and brothers and sisters, but was not a little embarrassed over the fact that they had joined the so-called "Mormon" church. When he came to Salt Lake City it was not because of the sympathy for, or interest that he had in the "Mormon" people, but merely because he wanted to be with his mother. On the day of his arrival, his sister met him with a friend. He could not speak English, so there was no communication between them. He was well trained in a certain line of work, and so he induced his sister's friend to go with him and explain matters to a well-known business house in Salt Lake City with the thought of his obtaining a position. He obtained the position he sought, and became convinced that his first duty was to learn English. As a result, he entered a school that was very close to his place of business.

The friend also was near by in her studio. Frequently the young man came into her room to ask her to pronounce the words of his lesson. On one occasion she suggested that she would be glad to have him read to her and she would correct his pronunciation when faulty. He promptly agreed to the arrangement and his expression was full of pleasure at the suggestion,—an expression that did not fade until she handed him the Book of Mormon.

Then she said he looked at her in a most indignant manner, and as if he would liked to have said, "Don't you think it most unkind to take advantage of me in my helplessness by giving me that book?"

However, he began reading the book and in time became very much interested. The reading of the Book of Mormon completed, she gave him the book of *Doctrine and Covenants* to read. At the conclusion of the reading of these two books, the young man was ready for baptism. He says that the Book of Mormon conveyed to him the truth of the Latter-day gospel.

The resentment that he felt to the young woman for placing this book in his hands turned to admiration, which ripened into love. About one year and a half ago these young people were married in the Salt Lake Temple, much to the satisfaction and gratification, not only of themselves, but of a devoted family.

The kodak pictures were taken of the Hill Cumorah on July 19, 1916. The persons appearing in the "snaps" are Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary; Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde, business manager of the *Magazine;* Mrs. Emma A. Empey, member of the General Board, and Miss Emily Smith, daughter of Mrs. Julina L. Smith and President Joseph F. Smith.

An Angel From On High

The centenary of the first appearance of the Angel Moroni recalls a gem of "Mormon" Hymnology, written by Parley P. Pratt.

An angel from on high,
The long, long silence broke;
Descending from the sky,
These gracious words he spoke:
Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill,
A sacred record lies concealed.

Sealed by Moroni's hand,
It has for ages lain,
To wait the Lord's command,
From dust to speak again.
It shall again to light come forth
To usher in Christ's reign on earth.

It speaks of Joseph's seed,
And makes the remnant known
Of nations long since dead,
Who once had dwelt alone.
The fulness of the Gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view.

The time is now fulfilled,
The long expected day;
Let earth obedient yield,
And darkness flee away;
Remove the seals, be wide unfurled
Its light and glory to the world.

Lo, Israel, filled with joy,
Shall now be gathered home,
Their wealth and power employ
To build Jerusalem;
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine

Items About the Book of Mormon

Moroni, the heavenly messenger, first appeared to Joseph Smith on the night of September 21, 1823. The angel informed the boy that "there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants."

On the 22nd day of September, 1827, Moroni delivered the plates to the Prophet Joseph.

The first edition of the Book of Mormon was published in 1830. This edition consisted of 5,000 copies.

The Book of Mormon has been translated and published in fifteen languages. These languages are: English, Danish, French, German, Italian, Welsh, Hawaiian, Swedish, Dutch, Maori, Samoan, Spanish, Tahitian, Turkish and Japanese.

The book has been translated in Hindustani and modern Jewish but not yet published in these languages.

The first American edition of the Book of Mormon was published in Palmyra, New York, 1830.

The first Utah edition was printed and published in Salt Lake City in 1871.

The Danish translation was published at Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1851.

The Welsh, at Myrthyr, Tydvil.
The French, at Paris, in 1852.
The German, at Hamburg.
The Italian, at London, England, in 1852.
The Hawaiian, in San Francisco, in 1855.
The Swedish, in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1878.
The Dutch, in Holland, in 1890.
The Spanish, in Salt Lake City, in 1886.
The Maori, in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1889.
The Samoan, in Salt Lake, in 1903.
The Japanese, in Tokio, in 1909.

The Spanish edition circulates in twenty-one Latin-American republics.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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The Book of Mormon as a Best Seller

Thirty years ago the American public was astonished by the statement that a popular volume of fiction had sold at the rate of a quarter of million copies in three months. That sort of thing was new in America at that time. It has occurred somewhat frequently since. The last few years has probably witnessed the sale of a quarter of million copies of the Book of Mormon. The book is not yet in the class of the best sellers, but it is rapidly moving toward such a place. It does not seem to us extravagant in any way to suggest that during the next hundred years the Book of Mormon will become one of the best sellers among American books; indeed, it is not impossible that it may become the best seller.

The Book of Mormon as a Literary Product

It is difficult to call to mind a book that has been more frequently scoffed at than has the Book of Mormon by its would-be critics. Yet the standard history of American literature, the *Cambridge History,* has devoted considerable space to the book under the caption, "New Bibles". While the author of the chapter insists that the advent of the book was quite unnecessary, quoting "Mormon" authorities to the effect that it agrees in all essentials with the Bible, therefore, he argues, there is no excuse for its

existence; yet, so potent has the book become in the ninety-three years since its first publication, in 1830, that men of letters writing a history of the literature of the nation have been forced to include it, which means that University students, all over the land, will learn of the book as a literary product.

The Scholar and the Book of Mormon

The 21st of September of this year marks the centenary of the appearance of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith; a visit which eventually resulted in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. The first edition of the Book of Mormon was published in 1830. Since that time many persons have attempted to discredit the story of the Prophet Joseph concerning the origin of the Book. These critics have been very numerous in college circles. Whether the critic has appeared within the confines of the college, among those who are classed as learned or among those classed as the unlearned, they are all in the same predicament. They deny the story of the origin of the book as set forth by Joseph Smith and the witnesses; yet they fail utterly to establish any other origin.

With the attitude of many scholars in mind, we recall the admonition of an elderly gentleman who said to some people who were very greatly disturbed over what their opponents were saying about them, "Don't fear an opponent who changes front every day; it may be tremendously irritating, but it is an acknowledgment of the weakness of his position." This remark strikes home with singular force as it applies to the critics of the Book of Mormon.

Within the decade an incredibly large number of theses have been written by graduate students in American Universities, on the Book of Mormon, most of them having as their objects, first, the refutation of the story as told by Joseph Smith and the witnesses of the Book of Mormon, while their second aim has been to establish the origin of the book. Many and most ingenious have been the theories presented. The confusion found in the ranks of the skeptical must give comfort to those who know that the Book of Mormon is of divine origin.

This winter a story came to us from the University of California which is typical of attempts made by students in other colleges to explain the origin of the book. A student presented a thesis which, as usual, denied the story of the origin as maintained by the Latter-day Saints, and which also admitted that the idea that the book had any connection with the Solomon Spaulding Manuscripts had been exploded. The writer then proceeded to give Sidney Rigdon credit for the authorship of

the book. Very likely he established the thesis to his own satisfaction. His argument may have been as the case required—reasonably exhaustive.

At the close of the presentation, one of the Utah students asked the writer if he knew what Sidney Rigdon had said on this matter. He replied, he did not. He was then informed that Sidney Rigdon's testimony was to the effect that he became converted to the faith of the Latter-day Saints through reading the Book of Mormon.

What has the next century in store for us? Will students in our colleges and universities continue a work which has proved so futile in the past, or will they read the book in a spirit of truth-seeking and be converted to the fact that neither Joseph Smith or any other man of modern times is responsible for the origin of this book, but that it is what it purports to be—a story of the ancient inhabitants of this continent and God's dealing with them, even as the Jewish scripure is the story of the Israelitish people, and the dealing of the Lord with them?

Tapestries

Grace Ingles Frost

As to and fro my needle flies,
A canvas close to weave
With sheen of threads that harmonize,
My mind does oft achieve
The art more radiant in hue,
For it weaves tapestries of you.

No flower that ever blooms to fade,
Can vie with colors that are laid
Across the fibres of my heart,
With rhythmic touch and blend,
And when complete in every part,
I view my work, O Friend!
Fain would I find a thread more true,
To weave my tapestries of you.

The Scenic West and Its Natural Resources

It is said that the Swiss people were oblivious to the beauty of their country until the tourist went in and discovered the beauty for them. It seems rather certain that the people of southern Utah in the region of Zion's Canyon, Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks have not appreciated in full the beauty of that region, and that history is daily repeating itself, in that people are constantly going into that country who are loud in their praises of the beauty of color and form found in these lovely canyons of southern Utah and northern Arizona, including, of course, the Grand Canyon of Colorado and the Kaibab Forest.

We are personally acquainted with a physician now practicing in one of the cities of northern Utah who, as a boy, herded cows in and around Bryce Canyon, who never dreamed that there was anything superior about it. It is said of the man after whom the canyon is named that he suggested that it might be very beautiful to look at, but that it was most inconvenient to herd cows in as they usually succeeded in getting lost. Other expressions similar to this might be quoted were it necessary to support the idea that the growth of appreciation for the natural beauty of these places has developed rather slowly.

At this writing we have in our state Dr. Cowles, a plant ecologist, from the University of Chicago, who is giving a course in the summer school being conducted at Aspen Grove in Provo Canyon. Dr. Cowles is widely traveled, both in the United States and in Europe. He has been this summer to Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks, and the Grand Canyon of Colorado and the famous Kaibab Forest. In speaking to Mr. E. S. Hinckley, who is especially interested at the present time in making manifest to people some of the beauties of this western country, he said, "You people don't advertise your state enough. So far as I am personally concerned, I should put the scenery of southern Utah, including the Grand Canyon of Colorado and the Kaibab Forest, ahead of anything for scenic beauty I have yet noted."

Evidence is not lacking that this country is coming to its own, so far as its natural beauty is concerned. The press of the East has been more generous than usual, in playing up the scenic beauty of Utah, and the recent visit of the late President Harding to the south has drawn the attention of people all over the country to some of the wonder spots of the West. Of course the automobile, the railroads, and the splendid roads that have

been built through the state and into the canyon, must not be ignored as they are important factors in drawing to the attention of people the beauties so long hidden in the mountain fastnesses in remote parts of the state.

What is true of the south is true in very large measure of all the state. There is not the superb coloring in many of the canyons of the north that is found in these canyons of the south, but there are always other features to commend them, such as beautiful trees, flowers of many hues, and attractive waterfalls. In these particulars the canyons of the north resemble very much the mountainous country of Switzerland.

The canyons of Utah as a whole are a sesame of treasures that delight the eye and the heart of all who come in contact with them.

Not long ago, Mr. Paul L. Newmyer, in addressing a business group of Salt Lake City, featured the resources and beauties of Utah in the following items:

Utah

Has iron ore enough in one county to relay every mile of railroad in the United States and rebuild every steel structure in the country.

Has salt enough, in one county alone, to supply the present population of the world with a quarter of a pound a day for over a hundred years.

Has the largest open cut copper mine in the world, and other copper properties not yet developed.

Has the largest body of salt water in the world.

Has the largest fresh water lake west of the Mississippi.

Will raise enough fruit in 1923 to supply every person in the United States with a half-pound each.

One county alone in Utah will this year ship 15,000 cars of fruits, vegetables and sugar.

Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon are among the world's greatest scenic wonders.

The State has already discovered more than 500,000,000 tons of coal, enough to supply the present population of the state for 50,000 years.

Utah has black marble enough to build a column 1.7 feet thick from the earth to the moon.

Has granite and sandstone enough to rebuild every structure in the United States and Europe, and that is of the finest quality.

Has enough cement stone to build a highway from New York to San Francisco fifty feet wide and a foot thick.

Has onyx enough in one county to build a counter and a

shelf for a soda fountain long enough to accommodate 950,400,000 people at one time.

Has over 4,000,000,000 feet of timber ready for the saw.

Has one-third of the nation's arsenic; one-fifth of the nation's silver; one-sixth of the nation's lead; one-eighth of the nation's manganese.

Is the leading alfalfa seed producing state in the Union.

Is the world's largest smelting center.

Has one mining camp from which $130,000,000 has been paid in dividends.

Has one hundred and seventy seven known minerals.

The value of the farm crops of 1922 was $26,665,000.

It was in Utah that irrigation was first made a success by the Anglo-Saxon race, in either North or South America.

There are over 4,000,000 acres of dry farming land awaiting the plow.

Utah has water power enough to operate, with electricity, 1,000,000 factories and light every city and town in the state.

Utah has over 1,000,000 acres of land under irrigation, and with proper development can double the acreage.

Utah has, untouched, mountains of silica for the manufacture of glass.

Utah has the greatest silver mining camp in the world.

Utah has oil shale deposits, undeveloped, to supply the present gasoline demand of the United States for years.

For the ten years, 1910-1920, Utah gained in population between twenty and thirty per cent. Only five other states in the Union had a greater gain in the ten years. These states are Arizona, California, Idaho, Wyoming and Michigan. During the same ten years only one state, Arizona, showed a smaller movement from the farms to the cities. (U. S. Census, 1920.)

The Best for Me

Bertha A. Kleinman

There is a best for everyone, though long the trail to find it,
There is for each a rising sun, though dark the night behind it,
There is a summit all may reach, though beetling crags forbid it,
A rainbow splendor spanned for each, though drenching mists have hid it;
There is a cross that all must bear, nor high, nor low may spurn it,
And lo! a crown that each may wear, albeit years to earn it.
There is a best that waits to bless nor heaven can bequeath it,
Till hearts are shorn of selfishness and chastened to receive it.

Harding Praises Hardy Pioneers of Utah Town

(*New York Sun and Globe,* Thursday, June 28, 1923)

Before leaving for Idaho, President Harding spoke at Cedar City, a small community in Utah, many of whose members had never before beheld a President of the United States.

Mr. Harding spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen:

"If it were not so late I should like to wait for a few moments, because the man who operates the radio amplifying device has not as yet returned from the trip, and I wanted you to see one of the marvels of modern science as exhibited in the amplifying of public speech. It is not very often that those so far from the larger centers have such an opportunity, and I thought you would enjoy the experience. A speaker talking before one of these devices (indicating) can have his voice carried from this platform to the farther edge of your city and be heard distinctly. However, it is not in operation for the moment.

"I will take the opportunity to say how pleasing it is to us to be so cordially greeted by so large a representation of the citizenship of southern Utah. We have had a very wonderful day today—wonderful in many ways. We have come to have a new love for the beautiful; we have found a new charm in the marvelous works of nature; we have seen exhibited the results of her convulsive moods, and then we have seen the effect of her relentless force operating throughout the ages in the canyons and gorges and other aspects of Utah's magnificent scenery. With it all, I think we have come to have, perhaps, even greater reverence for the Creator, a new wonderment at His purposes, and a new curiosity to know when we ourselves are going to fully understand God's purposes. It has been an enthralling day.

"One of the things that has entertained most has been to see how men and women will toil with all their might and with all their hopes on a little strip of land, asking Mother Nature to yield to their desires. I have come to the conclusion that it is due to something more than the mere ambition to subsist and make a home. I believe the more impelling purpose must be an inherent one in man to have something he can call his own and a place where he can see the results of his handiwork. (Applause). After all, that is about the greatest inspiration there is in life. It so happens that we have too little of such inspiration in the great working centers of population, but out here in the great valleys a

man turns his hand to toil, sometimes successfully, sometimes with disappointment, and yet always he has time to appraise the thing that he has done and to find a pride in his work.

"If I were going to give a message to the boys and girls who are listening to me at this moment I would tell them always to have a pride in what they undertake to do in life, for pride in accomplishment is always impelling humanity onward.

"Oh, it has been good to see you, and I wish I could leave with you an adequate impression of the happy and wonderful day we have had. It is good to come so far from the great centers and find this distinctly American population working hopefully and confidently in the making of a greater America. (Applause.) You are doing your part handsomely, and I offer you my congratulations and pay you my tribute. I cannot tell you how proud I am, as President of the United States, that you are carrying forward your splendid work." (Applause and cries of hurrah for Harding.)

At this point Mr. Randell Jones called the President's attention to the fact that there were present a number of the original pioneers of Iron County, whereupon the President said:

"I am glad to salute the pioneers, and I should like to shake hands with each one of them, as I should like to shake hands with all who are present, if time permits. The pioneers, let me say, make a strong appeal to me. I know something of the type of men who make successful pioneers. I saw them go out from my own community in Ohio to build up the wonderful West, particularly that portion embraced within the states of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

"I saw some of them possessing a little material store in life cut adrift from everything, build their covered wagons, place all their belongings therein, as well as their families, and start Westward the march of the "Star of Empire" to build a new empire of the West. It took courage, and only the fit survived and made a success of it. I know the sturdy stuff of which the pioneers were made. I pay you pioneers of this section my greatest respects for the foundation which you laid in building this magnificent community of southern Utah.

"Now I should meet the pioneers."

The pioneers present thereupon were greeted by the President and Mrs. Harding.

"You live in a wonderful State, and you people of Utah are truly 'empire builders.' Senator Smoot was telling me today that the resources of Utah are so great and her industries so varied that although a wall were built around the State, shutting it off from the world, yet the people could live within and for themselves alone. But you do not want to do that. You are citizens of

the greatest republic in the world, and the Republic wants you to be a part of it. I like to tell you, for I believe it with all my heart, that all of the Republic is concerned in the common welfare of America. It is impossible to have a great country where one section prospers at the expense of another; we cannot have a fortunate country where one class of its citizenship is doing well while another is suffering. We can only have a happy, contented and thriving people when the common weal is, in fact, the common weal and everybody is a participant in the common good fortune.

"I wish you your share of the common good fortune of the United States of America. (Applause.) I wish you every good that can come to you. If I am the first President to visit your section, I am going to give some of my successors such an impression of you that they likewise will want to come. I am sure they will enjoy their visit, as we have done today.

"I thank you all for your cordial greeting and this manifestation of your interest and friendship. It is, I can assure you, more than cordially reciprocated." (Applause.)

Two Prayers

Lafayette Hanchett

For five days prior to the visit of the Presidential party to Zion National Park, it seemed as if the elements had conspired with the evil one to make the visit impossible.

The wind gods drove their chariots through the air with forty mile gales; the dirt and dust rose in vast clouds.

The good "Mormon" people of Iron and Washington counties raised their voices in prayer, asking that the President of the United States be permitted to see the world wonders within their borders in both comfort and safety.

When the Presidential train was leaving Salt Lake City, the wind was still raging across the southern desert—but it suddenly stilled—the morning dawned, bright, beautiful and quiet. The President came, journeyed safely to the great canyon, and returned to his train; as he climbed the steps of his private car, a silent prayer of thanks went up from the gathered throng—the prayer of the day before had been answered.

The President had ended his speech to the group hovering about the train—he entered his car; the door closed and the curtains were tightly drawn, and then the great day seemed over, when the silence was broken by a woman's voice in song—first, one or two, and ten—twenty, then a hundred or more

joined. There was no official conductor; no paid chorus; no orchestral accompaniment; just these honest country people singing. It grew upon me that this was not a song; it was a prayer, welling up from the hearts of these good women, when the words, "God be with you, 'til we meet again" came timidly, sweetly and tremulously from a thousand throats. I have heard the great music of Wagner rendered by the artists of Munich, and have been enraptured by the masters of song in Grand Opera at Paris, and have thrilled when the voice of Caruso lifted in majestic grandeur above a singing congregation of twenty thousand, in Madison Square Garden, as he sang "America." But never have I been so deeply touched as I was by the voices of these good people that night as they sang "God be with you, till we meet again," for it seemed as if He who sets the great stage of Life, had set this scene, and had turned streams of moonlight down through the foliage of the great old trees, and here and there, had so shot a moonbeam, that it touched a bowed and grizzled old head, from which a quavering voice joined devoutly in the refrain.

It was not a song; it was a prayer.

Editor's Note.—The above article was sent by Mr. Hanchett to President Heber J. Grant with the request: "Do me the favor to read this." President Grant was so impressed with the beauty of Mr. Hanchett's tribute, that he wired it in full to President Harding, then at Tacoma on his way to Alaska.)

Mrs. Warren G. Harding

On the 27th of July, of this year, Mrs. Warren G. Harding wrote from Seattle, Washington, thanking President Clarissa S. Williams for the flowers presented to her while in Salt Lake City, on behalf of the Relief Society. Her letter reads:

"The beautiful corsage bouquet which you and the Latter-day Saint Relief Society sent me during my visit to Salt Lake City gave me much pleasure, as did the kind wishes with which it was sent, and I would be grateful if you would convey to your members our cordial thanks.

"With warm appreciation of your thought, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Florence Kling Harding."

Ten days had not elapsed from the time Mrs. Harding wrote this letter until she was crossing the continent, bowed in grief, accompanying the remains of her beloved and distinguished husband.

The Relief Society was glad to honor her as the first lady of the land, and to show her such appreciation as was in its power, while she was a guest in our midst. The impulse to extend all kindness and all possible sympathy to her has deepened with her sorrow.

The mission of the Relief Society from the very beginning has been a mission of succor and comfort. Its idea has been to relieve distress of whatever name or nature that distress might be, as far as it is able. There is nothing that the members of this organization would not do to give comfort to Mrs. Harding in this hour of bereavement to her. The prayer of its members is that our Heavenly Father will be merciful to her and will send her the comfort she needs in this hour of sore trial.

The World's Needs

The world needs knowledge. See to spread
The store you glean from Wisdom's pages;
The thoughts of seers that now are dead
Must go to brighten future ages.

The world needs faith. How hard to trust,
When all the earth's full of deceiving.
Let word be true and act be just;
Help us once more to faith believing.

The world needs sympathy to deal
With grieving, suffering, sorrowing brothers:
To help us realize, to feel
The poignant grief afflicting others.

The world needs love to heal the wounds
Inflicted in hate's awful hour.
May love's refrain absorb all sounds,
And hate's mad jargon lose all power.

—D. H. Sherman, in *Ohio Educational Monthly.*

Boy of my Dreams

Ruth Moench Bell.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed," Curtis Langley yawned, as he looked at the clock, whose hands indicated nine.

Catherine Langley did not glance up from her needlework, though she smiled demurely. Every evening for ever so many years, she had heard her husband make the same remark in the same way at the same time.

"The moonlight is wonderful on the terrace," Catherine observed. She drew a soft, cream-colored shawl about her and crossed over to the French windows. A flood of moonlight streamed in, as she drew the curtains aside and switched off the lights. "Wouldn't you like to sit out there or walk in it for a few minutes? It is still early, you know."

"The air is getting so darn nippy," Curtis yawned again. "Not to-night! I think I'll go to bed." Curtis picked up the shoes, which he had taken off earlier in the evening. His coat still hung over the back of his chair. He would leave it there. It was easier to find it in the morning when he left for work. Shoes in hand, he walked in his sox to the bed-room door and then turned, as strains of music came floating in.

Catherine had opened the French windows. An orchestra was playing a dreamy waltz.

"Oh, can't you hear it, dear?" Catherine cried. "They are dancing at the Bijou."

"Yep, does sound good," Curtis yawned again and went in to the bed-room.

"Let's dress and run over for one little waltz or two," Catherine coaxed.

"I'd have to shave and have a bath," Curtis grumbled. "You run over if you're so crazy for a dance. There's sure to be some one there you know."

"Curtis, alone?"

"Why not? It's only around the corner. You're safe. Nobody'd get you."

"What makes you so sure." Catherine smiled sweetly. And then under her breath added: "Dear Boy of my Dreams, come back to me to-night."

Glancing up at a photograph on the piano, Catherine, her voice a caressing murmur, her fingers trailing lingeringly over the keys, began a tender little love song.

"Hang it all, Catherine, can't you find time for that sort of thing in the day time?"

"I've finished," his wife observed and went into her dressing room, standing for a minute between the draperies, which covered the door, awaiting the next remark, a remark which she knew would be the begining of something very different that evening. It came and she disappeared at once between the curtains. "By the way, wasn't that gas bill too large, this month?" Curtis came back to the sitting room, his suspenders hanging down over his trousers.

"How much is it?" Catherie inquired from her dressing room.

"The bill is in my pocket." Curtis fumbled about in his pocket and brought out, not the gas bill but a note which he read with varying expressions.

"Hullo, what's this?" he murmured to himself. "This isn't the bill. Where did this come from? What does it mean, anyhow? 'One who knew you as a boy, because of that early regard, gives you this chance to win your wife's love," he read.

Curtis dropped down into his chair and re-read the note. "One who knew you as a boy, because of that early regard, gives you this chance to win your wife's love or release her honorably to him."

"That sounds interesting," Curtis observed to himself, with some amusement. "Another of those triangles, huh? Only, it's got into the pocket of the wrong fellow. A little melodrama. Some fellow's going to get some stage stuff worked into his affairs. Somebody else in love with Catherine, with Catherine?" He threw back his head and laughed, secure in a domestic peace which nothing had ever disturbed. He turned the note over quisically in his hand. And then his countenance changed.

"Great Scott," he exclaimed under his breath. "This isn't meant for me. What the devil—" he examined the address again. "Curtis Langley. I'm Curtis Langley, all right." With a new interest, he resumed reading: "Many a night after you have gone to bed, we have spent the evening together."

Curtis glanced anxiously at the curtained door through which his wife had gone a few minutes before.

"Tonight, at the masked ball," the note continued, "she has promised to come to me forever. I prefer there shall be no stain on her name; and for that reason, give you this chance. The duplicate of the costume I am to wear, you will find in the hall wrapped and addressed to you." Curtis read more rapidly, "I am to call for her soon after nine. You may put on the costume and keep the appointment and I will call one hour later. Acceptance of the

challenge implies compliance with the conditions, 'honorable release'."

The note was signed, Gareth.

"It isn't true. It is some fool nonsense." Curtis Langley reflected, crumpling the note in his hand.

A picture of his wife rose before him, a picture of her as she had appeared standing by the French windows, that evening, so daintily charming of person, so serene and untroubled of soul. Catherine wear a mask like that to cover deceit? Catherine disloyal to him? Catherine cheap and common? Though he had not realized it before, it suddenly came to him that if he had been an artist striving to paint the perfect Madonna, Catherine's face would have been the one he would have chosen to depict. He roused himself with an effort. "Honorable release," a poetic name for divorce. Curtis shuddered as the word crossed his brain. All the things he had regarded as too vulgar and remote to enter into his thoughts seemed suddenly at his threshold. This thing could not be true.

He adjusted his suspenders, got up from the chair and went to the door of his wife's room, her private dressing room. It was a room he rarely entered. He disliked draperies so much. He parted the curtains now and looked in. Then he drew back amazed. Catherine, exquisitely gowned, was dressed for the ball.

He had never seen her so beautiful. Then his own theory smote him. "Women were only lovely when they loved." Catherine was lovely because she loved—who was the fellow?

Curtis crossed the room to her desk. Men who made love to other men's wives, the mere thought was revolting to him, always wrote letters and never had sense enough not to send them. The desk was open and he began rummaging through its contents. There it was, a bundle of letters tied with a silk cord.

"Perfumed and tied with a ribbon," he muttered to himself. "Nothing omitted, of course. If it is true, if those are his letters to her, if they must stage a thing of that kind," he concluded, "we'll end it in the usual, cheap, melodramatic way."

Curtis took his pistol from the table drawer. It was the weapon of a coward, he had always maintained. If it were used now to finish three who had made a muddle of their lives, it would have served its purpose. He laid the pistol down beside the bundle of letters and took one from the pack. He would not act in the dark. He would know what he was doing before he made any move.

"Carissima," the letter began. He snorted with contempt. "Carissima." Latin. He had studied Latin himself once; but had never found it necessary to make use of the cumbersome tongue.

"When you sang, last night," the letter went on, "I listened to you entranced."

"Catherine sang?" Her husband murmured to himself. "She used to sing before we were married. And she is singing now for him. I, too, listened to her entranced."

"The house was under your spell," he read on and reflected that she always used to have them under her spell. It was the poetry in her soul or something about her voice that got them. He read on: "I wondered how I, a' mere man, had dared to lift my eyes to yours."

"Yes, I wonder a little myself," Curtis muttered, clenching his fists in fury. "While the house applauded and would not be satisfied and you returned humbled, not exalted by their joy, I wondered if it could be true that I had sat by your side and held your hand in mine." Curtis caught his breath: "Jove, has it gone as far as that?"

"A mist of holiness enveloped you like a veil and I felt that I should never dare to touch you again, even with reverence. And my touch must never 'profane.' Keep me alive to this light that leads me on. Keep me alive—alive to the truest.

"Forever yours,
"Gareth."

He folded the letter thoughtfully and laid it down. It was true then another man loved his wife, loved her truly, he was obliged to admit that. Perhaps deserved her more than did the husband who had slipped into a sodden indifference and accepted her as a matter of course. He remembered that he, too, stood somewhat in awe of her in those early courtship days. He seemed to recall that she had been striving, of late, to restore that former comradship of the soul. But he had been so deep in his groove, and the groove withal had been so comfortable, that now he merely grunted his disapproval and remained behind his paper wrapped in easy silence.

"She has mellowed with time and I have mildewed." he thought with bitterness.

Curtis replaced the letters on his wife's desk and then a partly finished letter in her handwriting attracted his attention.

"Dear Dream Hero," the letter began. "How is it a woman could never make her husband her 'dream hero'," he cried. "I can no longer stifle my raptures alone," the letter went on. "I have cried out to the stars: 'Give him to know that I am near. Give him to feel the warmth of my human presence as one is aware of the the moon rays, the star gleams, the radiance of a rose, even though one turns and speaks not'." Yes, it sounded like Catherine, always poetical, always the idealist. He read on; but to him I am only a personal convenience, a housekeeper, who smooths the domestic

cares to his fancy, who tempers the accounts to his purse, who nods with interest when he glances up from his paper with a comment, who makes no demur—when he yawns and goes to bed "

"It does not seem like Catherine to expose my shortcomings to another," Curtis considered, "she has seemed the soul of loyalty." The conclusion of the letter smote him: "I have taken my joys alone. There is nothing lonelier."

"I might have gone out with her a time or two," he reflected. And then a vision of her as she looked in the ball gown rose before him. This Gareth, whoever he was, would see her as he had seen her just a few minutes before. He must stir himself while there was time.

He found the package in the hall, as the note had stated. If he put it on, he was in honor bound to release her honorably, in case he failed to win her love again.

Curtis Langley put on the " silly costume," as he had dubbed it. Perhaps it was not so bad an idea after all. Under cover of the mask and with Catherine thinking him the—what was it she had called this other, this man who was not her husband? Oh, yes, it came to him, "Boy of my Dreams." He, too, had been "the Boy of her Dreams" once, he knew that. They had been as foolish about each other as most lovers. And now he must try to revive the old love, make her admire him as she used to do.

A glance into the mirror, as he adjusted the costume, was not reassuring. He had slumped miserably, he could see that. A person might be "fat and forty," and yet not look "fat and forty," and flabby of brain and muscle besides.

He was pulling up the hood of the domino, when a voice from Catherine's door smote on his ears with poignant pain.

"Curtis," Catherine was standing in the doorway, "I can't let it go any further. Even a dream kept from you, is a deceit."

"I may as well tell you that I know all," her husband turned to her.

"Not all, dear."

"I know enough! Catherine, if you had only told me that you were tired of being my household convenience. If you had said: 'Give me my freedom. Let me sing again, and win again a live mate for the—the sort of person I have become. If I could only sit here in my loneliness and think of you serene of soul, as you have always seemed, unsullied by deceit. If you had only left me the image of yourself, as I thought you, to worship and follow to my grave. My honor and yours were in your hands'."

"I know, dear," she was more appealing than ever in sweet humility. "A man's very soul is in a woman's hands. That is why I have been blaming myself. I—I think I lulled your soul to sleep with—creature comforts. You know my own soul slept also.

There were no children—and nothing to wake us up, no sharp crisis."

"You seem to have provided that." He observed curtly.

"I—I met my crisis some time ago, when I realized where the current of ease was taking us. We were drifting nearer and nearer to the harbor and farther and farther from each other." Catherine was pleading intensely.

"You seem to have put in an oar with startling effect," he was steeling himself against the desire to crush her in his arms, crush out the lies and deceit that even then did not show, crush out, perhaps, the very life that was not for him.

"Don't sneer, dear," Catherine went on. "I used to look at you achingly as you sat over your paper and wish that you might glance at me now and then and imagine the space without me. I longed so to be necessary to you before the tide carried me away."

"And so you found this 'Gareth'?"

"And so I found this Gareth. I read the letters and found my way back to love and romance and the belief in all that is fine and true and happy. Night after night when you had gone to bed I would sit here and visit with this 'Boy of my Dreams,' I sang to him, walked in the moonlight with him, waltzed with him."

"Catherine," her husband burst out threateningly.

"Then I tried to rouse you, Curtis. I tried to win you back, dear. I realized that you had not always been indifferent. I knew that if you had slipped it was because I had failed you in some way."

"Catherine!"

"When I re-read the letters, I could see that we had come a long way from the land of our dreams, you and I. We were hurrying along toward the Long Silence, hurrying away from each other. Some day, one of us would leave the other lonely, so lonely because of the companionship we had missed, the companionship that could then never be."

"Catherine, you tell me this, just after you are out of my reach?"

"But, Curtis, can't you see; I only did this to win you. I tried every other way." She reached out her arms to embrace him; but he held her aloof.

"You could clasp me in your arms, knowing that in a few minutes, he will be here to claim you," he cried indignantly.

Catherine laughed softly: "But Curtis, don't you understand? He is here, now, here at last. I have won. I can feel his real presence at last."

Curtis was splendid in his rage. "For heaven's sake, Catherine, speak out what you mean. Where is the fellow?"

"I am trying my best to tell you. For some time he has been

only a dream. Now he has come true again, come back to me. Don't you see, dear? There is no other. There never has been another, just the Curtis Langley you became, and Gareth, 'the Boy of my Dreams'."

Curtis caught her by the wrist savagely. "Don't lie to me, Catherine; anything but to have that to remember. And don't laugh." He caught her roughly by the shoulders.

Tremulously happy, Catherine looked up at him. "That's right, crush me, you big, glorious, ridiculous boy."

"Catherine, I'll not be responsible if you flatter and mock. I may do anything," he cried, flinging her from him out of immediate danger.

"Oh, won't you see, dear?" Catherine begged joyously. "Won't you see? I'm not mocking. I love your ridiculousness, dear, anything but your indifference. But if you must have the truth; I am tired of Curtis Langley. I am leaving Curtis Langley. I have always loved Gareth, and now, if you will, I shall always have my Gareth. Oh, I shall keep him so close to me he can never again slip away."

For answer, Curtis pulled open the table drawer and took out the pistol. But she put her hand on his. "It isn't loaded, dear. I saw to that. I hoped you would want to shoot me. Surely you know that you are Gareth. Surely you remember that you called yourself that in the days of our courtship. Don't you remember your own letters? You wrote every one of them. Why, if you had looked at the dates you would have known. You wrote them in the days when we meant to be everything to each other; when you meant to do big things; but never anything happier than just loving me. And I let go of you somehow, and let you slip so far away, I called in vain for you to come back. When I re-read your letters one lonely day, I knew we must do something to get back to each other. I lived with my memory of you for weeks and weeks and grew happier and happier. But even that, not shared with you, seemed a deceit. Many a night after you had gone to bed I dressed for a dream dance with you and you flattered me, told me I looked lovely, and danced divinely and that you loved me dearer and dearer. I sang to you, while you were away, wrote to you; but I could not wake you up. You were buried so deep under a—a crust of indifference that I—I couldn't reach down and touch you at all. And so I made this plan."

Curtis caught her madly by the shoulders. "You," he cried beginning at last to sense it. "You, it was you, wrote the note I found in my pocket?"

"I couldn't rouse you any other way, dear."

"And this masquerade costume?"

"I thought maybe I could open my heart to you if you were

masked so I couldn't see your face. I couldn't have borne your smiles and a sneer, in case I failed."

"And this letter that fell out of the magazine, the letter to the Boy of your Dreams?"

"I couldn't have told you all that except in a letter."

He caught her to him and then held her at arm's length. "Catherine, there is another. What has made you so beautiful, then?"

"Can't you see, dear," she buried her face in his shoulder, "it is just loving my 'Dream Boy,' the dream boy that became real."

Curtis held her closely, with a warmth he had not shown for years. "I don't care how many dream boys you love," he cried, "just so I am the only real one. But I've been in the mood all evening to crush somebody's blamed neck."

"I know. One of the dear, funny things about you is the way an idea sticks in your head once it gets there. It is so hard to get out. The indifference came out hard, ever so hard. And now I hope the love will stick just as tight. You see, there is only one 'blamed neck' to crush. And if you don't mind, I'd rather do the crushing myself." And she flung her arms happily about him as he held her to him.

"I think I'll have to take out a little of my spite on you to settle my own account," he laughed. "Catherine, you are an actress, poet and singer, to say nothing of being a real woman. You may stage anything you like, but don't let me lose you again even in play. Here, what about that dance," he interrupted suddenly. "What do you say to a dance. It is only about ten. Sing me something while I bathe and shave and dress."

From the door he called back mischievously, "I promise to listen entranced."

"You needn't do that," Catherine cried, as her hands rippled over the keys, "just always be 'The Boy of my Dreams'."

Longings

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for;
Let me be a little braver when temptations bid me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of me.

—Author unknown.

Of Interest to Women

Lalene H. Hart.

LUNCH BASKET SUGGESTIONS.

As the time for the opening of school approaches, the busy mother has many things to remember and make ready. One thing that is often neglected and not considered in the plan is the lunch basket. It is a household problem and becomes more or less of a burden in many instances. It should be planned for the same as other meals of the family, in order to save as much time and energy as possible and still have good, nourishing as well as appetizing food.

A lunch well planned and carefully packed does not become monotonous. Variety and the element of surprise is the key note to success in packing daily lunch boxes or baskets of which the carrier does not tire. In cold weather include something hot if possible, a soup or beverage; something substantial of course; a relish for an appetizer and variety; something sweet to satisfy the sweet tooth and always a bit of fruit of some kind. Pack everything in waxed paper to keep it fresh and palatable.

In the selection of the basket its care and convenience should be considered. There are many kinds used, from the paper bag to the more elaborate "kits" with various compartments. A small one containing a thermos bottle with a capacity of one cup is a good and convenient size. Many kinds and sizes of paper cups, spoons and small plates are used then thrown into the waste basket without further thought, but whatever kind is used, care should be taken to keep it sweet and sanitary. It should be as compact as possible so that the burden of carrying it will not outweigh the value of the nourishment the child is to receive from the food itself.

What to put in the basket is most important. There are just as many kinds of lunches as there are people who prepare and eat them. There is an idea that only one kind of sandwich made of bread two or three days old, constitutes the lunch. No wonder the school child throws half of his lunch over the fence and then goes to the corner store for cheap candy and sweet cakes. On the other hand, a dainty sandwich with piquant and appetizing filling will tempt the appetite when other things will not.

There are endless varieties and combinations of both bread and filings for sandwiches that would keep the housewife busy

making a different kind each day. The extreme in variety, however, is not practical as it would waste both time and material. It isn't always necessary to provide special material. Small portions of food left from other meals that otherwise may be wasted, combined with other ingredients, often make very tasty sandwiches, such as bits of bacon left from breakfast, chopped with an equal portion of chopped dates, moistened with mayonnaise and used with or without lettuce.

Bread just old enough to cut easily without breaking or crushing is best for sandwiches. It may be white, whole-wheat, rye, salt-rising, made with or without raisins, nuts or prunes. When the fruit or nut breads are used only butter or lettuce and salad dressing need be used. Egg, meat, fruit, marmalade, cheese, olive, pimento may be used in numerous ways both singly or in combination, for fillings. Care in combining flavors that blend is essential. Some combinations are good such as peanut butter, a small berry jam or jelly, chopped raisins and pecans, prunes, figs, marshmallows and cherries; peanut butter mixed with lemon juice or mayonnaise and sliced bananas; dates and green peppers chopped and mixed with mayonnaise.

Cookies, tarts and turnovers are always good, and can be kept on hand. There are as many varieties of these as sandwiches. Cream puffs and popovers filled with firm fillings such as chocolate cream or gelatine mixtures, can be used for variety. Care must be taken in the packing of these that they are not crushed and made mussy. Occasionally home made candy, stuffed dates, candied fruits as pineapples, cherries, etc., or ginger, will be a surprise and will furnish sweets enough to satisfy the appetite so the child will not want candy, too much of which is used during school days. Gingersnaps with chocolate peppermints used as filling like sandwiches, is a change in sweets.

A few recipes may be helpful in suggesting many possibilities for the busy housewife:

Bambury Tarts.

1 c. raisins
1 c. sugar
1 lemon, juice and rind.
1 egg
1 cracker

Chop raisins, add sugar, egg slightly beaten, cracker rolled fine, and lemon. Roll pastry 1-8 inch thick and cut in pieces 3 1-2 by 3 in. Put mixture on one part and fold the other over it, press edges together. Brush over with cream or melted butter. Bake 20 minutes in slow oven.

Boston Cookies.

I c. butter
1 c. sugar
3 eggs
1-2 ts. soda
2 tbs. water or milk
3 1-4 c. flour
1-2 ts. salt
1 ts. cinnamon
1 c. coarsely chopped nuts
1-2 c. currants
1-2 c. raisins chopped
1 ts. B. P.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and eggs well beaten. Add dry ingredients sifted together and water. Add floured fruits and nuts. Beat thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered sheet. Bake in moderate oven.

Madelines.

Make plain cup cakes. When cool, remove the centers with a sharp knife and fill with jelly, fruit creams, or french custards; replace the top and ice. These keep moist a long time, and are delicious for lunches.

Fig Biscuit Sandwiches.

Chop 1 c. figs, add 1-2 c. cream. Place in double boiler and cook slowly on back of stove until cream is all absorbed. Cool and spread between crisp, thin, buttered, baking powder biscuits.

Prune Turnovers.

Soak prunes several hours, drain, remove pits and sprinkle with nutmeg and a little lemon juice. Make rich baking powder biscuits. Roll to 1-4 inch thickness. Cut pieces about 4 inches square. Fill with prune mixture. Pinch the edges together at the top. Brush over with cream. Sprinkle with sugar and bake.

Four Things to Do

Henry Van Dyke

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly,
To love his fellowmen sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.

Items About Women

New York University Honors Women

A bust of Frances Willard has recently been unveiled in the Hall of Fame of the University of New York. Other women who are memorialized in the Hall are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Alice Freeman Palmer, Maria Mitchel and Charlotte Cushman. Of this group, Miss Willard was a reformer, Mrs. Stowe an author, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard and Alice Freeman Palmer were educators; Maria Mitchel an astronomer, and Charlotte Cushman an actress.

Miss Olive Jones of New York, President of the N. E. A.

It is pretty much an unwritten law in the National Education Association that the presidency of the association shall fall to a woman every alternate year. In harmony with this policy, Miss Olive Jones of New York was elected president at the session of the National Education Association recently held in Oakland and San Francisco. This is the first time the office has fallen to a New York woman.

Utah Woman Finds Place on School Board

We congratulate Provo in the appointment of a woman on the Board of Education of that city. Mrs. Margaret P. Maw has had experience both as a teacher and as a business woman and will no doubt render valuable service in the position which has come to her through the resignation of Mr. Arthur N. Taylor. Utah is behind in this matter. Two years ago the state of Pennsylvania had five hundred women serving on school boards.

Dr. Henry C. Cowles Visits Utah

Dr. Henry C. Cowles, of the University of Chicago, is giving work at the Alpine Summer school, at Aspen Grove. It was known that Professor Cowles was bringing a group of his students to Utah to study plant life in this very exceptional environment, but the surprise came when the party arrived and it was discovered that the group consisted of eighteen women.

Daughters of the Pioneers

In a number of cities of the State, the 24th of July celebration was staged and put over by the Daughters of the Pioneers with signal success. The *Magazine* extends congratulations to these women for their excellent community work on the occasion of the

76th anniversary of the Pioneers entering the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Politics and Twins

Recently the Indianapolis Star published a line which reads, "The great need of France, now as always, is less politics, and more twins." It usually takes a woman to make a matter quite complete. Utah can furnish both the politics and the twins. We congratulate Senator and Mrs. W. H. King on the birth of a son and a daughter, July 17.

Enfranchizing the Italian Women

The work of enfranchising the Italian women seems to be progressing very satisfactorily. The people of Latin origin both in Europe and America seem to be somewhat backward in this particular; consequently, we congratulate the Italian women on what at present seems to be an almost certain fact—her enfranchisement, in the very near future.

Finnish Woman Serves Fifth Term in National Parliament.—Miss Annie Furuhjeln, who is now serving her fifth three-year term as a member of the Finnish Parliament, has probably had a longer experience than any other woman in a national law making body. The Finnish Diet is a body of two hundred persons, at present having a membership of twenty women. Miss Furuhjeln is at present interested in a bill asking for the appropriation of funds for the instruction of Swedish girls in home economics.

The American Passion Play

California is full of enthusiasm once more, as it begins the training for what has been called "America's Passion Play," to be put on near Hollywood now for the fourth time. The play was written by the late Mrs. Christine Wetherill Stevenson, of Philadelphia, and like the Passion Play of Oberammergau, held every ten years, in Bavaria, Germany, concerns the Christ. Mr. Herberg Grimwood will play the role of Christ, and Helen Freeman will be seen again in that of Mary Magdelene.

Convention Held at Seneca Falls

A convention was held at Seneca Falls, July 20 and 21, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of a first Equal Rights meeting ever held in the world. This convention was called by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. On July 22, memorial exercises were held at the grave of Susan B. Anthony at Mt. Hope cemetery at Rochester, New York. On the evening of July 22, a pageant of the convention of 1848 was re-enacted on the bank of the Seneca River. Fifty women in the costumes

of seventy-five years ago impersonated the participants in the first equal rights convention, with Mrs. Claude Christopher as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Edward B. Gould as Lucretia Mott, Miss Helen Addison as Martha C. Wright and Mrs. Milton Sanderson as Amelia Bloomer, then a milliner in Seneca Falls, who originated the garment which still bears her name.

Dr. Chew in Utah

Dr. Ng. Poon Chew, managing editor of an American-Chinese daily was a guest in Utah during the month of July. He states that there are approximately four hundred Chinese women studying in American Universities at the present time.

Living Wisely and Well

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3, 1923

By Heber J. Sears, Department of Hygiene, University of Utah

The Convention Idea

Although not entirely new, the convention idea is growing by leaps and bounds, and is pregnant with splendid possibilities.

Modern modes of transportation have made possible the coming together of workers in the different fields of endeavor from even remote parts of the globe. Think of the futility of calling a world conference of educators a hundred years ago! In San Francisco today there are assembled in one convention educators from sixty different nations.

The convention is a feast at which each participant throws his knowledge into the common pot, from which we may all feed.

The convention is a stage on which each actor has a "try-out." He may be hissed off the stage or he may make good and play an important part in the drama of life.

The convention is a laboratory where a theory may develop into a fact, or be destroyed by the acid test of practical experience.

The convention is a parade where each brings his idea symbolized by a torch. His torch may be obscured by brighter lights, it may be entirely extinguished, or it may be fanned into a flame that will illumine the world.

The convention is a clearing house of information—good checks in the form of ideas get the stamp of approval, bogus checks are thrown back to the depositor.

The convention may be likened to a melting pot, a threshing floor, or to a buffing wheel for the polishing of ideas.

The convention is a battle-ground, an arena from which many a hobby-horse emerges riderless.

Tired Mothers

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;—
You do not prize this blessing over much;
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness; A year ago
I did not see it as I do today,—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now, it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And, if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipp'd,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their graves had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own,
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from his nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Mrs. May Riley Smith,
quoted in *Millennial Star,* Vol 48.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman.

Eastern States Mission

BUFFALO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

A Relief Society organization was effected January 4, 1923, at Buffalo, New York. Mrs. Elea M. Browning was sustained president of this branch. There are nineteen members enrolled, and meetings are held weekly in the homes of the various members. In March, this society held a bazaar and social. Over $40 was cleared from the sale of articles which were donated by friends and members. This branch is now making clothing and knitting stockings to be distributed to those in need. A picture of the Buffalo branch is printed herewith.

Raft River Stake

Owing to the removal of President Celia A. Harper to Ogden, Utah, the Raft River stake Relief Society was reorganized May 21, 1923. Mrs. Harper has served as president of the stake Relief Society since 1917. Her work has been of a high character, and she has been faithful and devoted to the Relief Society and the Church. Mrs. Harper was given an honorable release, and the good wishes of her Relief Society co-workers and her many friends in this stake, were extended to her.

Mrs. Abbie C. Ottley was selected as the new president of the Raft River stake Relief Society.

Western States Mission.

Mrs. John M. Knight, president of the Relief Society of the Western States Mission, reports that she has just returned from visiting various branches of the mission. Mrs. Knight visited the Relief Societies in Lincoln, Omaha, Grand Island and Pilger, Nebraska. Mrs. Knight reports that these Societies are all in a flourishing condition.

Woodruff Stake

Two years ago the Woodruff stake Relief Society asked the various members to report the number of chapters of scripture which each had read during the week. During the year, 1922, five wards reported a total of 4,354 chapters of scripture read.

Morgan Stake

The Morgan stake Relief Society had their annual temple excursion June 13, at the Salt Lake Temple.

Kanab Stake

The Relief Society *Magazine* is in receipt of the following sketch of Mrs. Emma S. Brown, of Fredonia: "Mrs. Emma S. Brown was the president of the first Relief Society of the Fredonia ward, which was organized in 1893. She held the position for twenty-five consecutive years, and during the period of her presidency, an excellent organization was developed. Under her direction a Relief Society house was built. Mrs. Brown was a most worthy president and was always ready to serve those who were in distress, not only because of her position, but because of her sympathy, kindness and generosity. Her daughter, Mrs. Eva Brown Hortt, has succeeded her as president, and is carrying on the good work of her mother. Besides her public service, Mrs. Brown reared a family of twelve children. She is still active as postmistress at Fredonia. Mrs. Brown is seventy-two years of age."

Liberty Stake

The Liberty stake Relief Society board has issued a bulletin or a comparative report of the activities of the various wards. The report lists the various wards, and gives statistics showing the per cent of enrollment and attendance at the different meetings, the per cent of L. D. S. families visited, and the amount of welfare and temple work done.

In addition to the work of the visiting teachers, the Liberty stake has visited the sick and homebound. Several meetings were held at the County Infirmary, the Sarah Daft Home and the L. D.

S. Hospital. Flowers, fruit, candy, etc., were distributed during the year and special gifts were made at the holiday time.

New Zealand Mission.

AUCKLAND BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

President Ida A. Taylor and secretary Miriam A. Taylor have been released from their positions in the Relief Society of the New Zealand mission. Mrs. Taylor, together with her husband, President George S. Taylor, called at the Relief Society office on their return to Salt Lake City. Mrs. Martha Jane Wright will succeed Mrs. Taylor as president of the Relief Society. Mrs. Taylor reports that President Angus T. Wright and his wife arrived in New Zealand in June and found the weather disagreeably cold. June is one of the New Zealand winter months.

During Mrs. Taylor's presidency, she has worked faithfully and untiringly in the interest of the Relief Society. She reports that the women have been interested in the meetings and that they have made a study of the lessons in the *Magazine*. There are thirty-three Relief Society organizations, two of which, one at Auckland and one at Thames, are European organizations. The other thirty-one are composed of the Maori women. The secretaries of all these Relief Societies speak English and are able to make their reports and write letters in English. Mrs. Taylor arranged for the lessons which appear in the *Magazine* to be translated into the Maori language. The translations were printed in the mission magazine, *The Messenger*, and in this

way the outlined Relief Society lessons were discussed in all the organizations.

Recently the Auckland branch Relief Society, which has thirteen members, held a bazaar. The chapel was decorated beautifully, and the several booths vied with each other in making a display. From the sale of useful articles of clothing, sweets, etc., £12 (about $60) was realized. The Auckland branch holds meetings weekly and the women are active and interested in the work. A picture of the Auckland branch is printed herewith.

California Mission

Mrs. Margaret K. Miller, president of the California mission Relief Society, in company with her husband, Dr. John T. Miller, is leaving shortly for a trip around the world. Prior to her departure Mrs. Miller visited several of the Relief Society branches of the mission. She reports that the Relief Societies are fully organized and are doing splendid work.

Tongan Mission

Mrs. LaVera W. Coombs, president of the Relief Societies of the Tongan mission, reports that the Tongan mission is progressing nicely, considering the handicaps under which it labors. She states that one difficulty is the lack of text books. The Bible is the only Church book printed in the Tongan language. The mission has just completed a splendid new chapel, to which the Relief Society donated almost $400.

Juab Stake

The Relief Society women of Juab stake have been working on articles to be placed in a loan closet. Already, several sheets, pillow cases, towels, gowns, etc., have been made and will be used by the Relief Society in assisting in sickness and maternity care.

North Weber Stake

The North Weber stake Relief Society informs us that the 1922 report shows a pleasing increase over the record of the year before in every respect. The wards are all interested in the lesson work and there has been an exceptionally large attendance of officers at the union meetings. Quite a number of the wards have enlisted the services of the young women, with splendid results to the Societies. During the year, the Relief Society stake board gave a bazaar which netted the Relief Society about $1,200.

President Martha H. Tingey.

The Relief Society extends its sincere sympathy to Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, General President of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, in her bereavement, caused through the loss of her honored and beloved husband, Bishop Joseph S. Tingey.

We feel sure that our Heavenly Father will be mindful of her and her children in this hour of separation, and we extend to her our heart-felt love and sympathy, and importune Him for her constant care and well-being. May His richest blessings be her portion and the portion of her loved ones.

Mrs. Julina L. Smith.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to Mrs. Julina L. Smith, who was counselor to President Emmeline B. Wells, and so long a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, in the bereavement that has come to her through the loss of her daughter, Mrs. Julina Smith Peery.

The death of a mother, leaving a family of small children is particularly sad, therefore, we feel keenly for the bereaved husband and little children at this time, and take this opportunity through the columns of the *Magazine* to extend our sympathy to all Mrs. Perry's family.

May the choicest blessings of our Heavenly Father rest upon them, and may they find comfort in the promises that the Lord has made to those who are bowed down in grief, because of the loss of loved ones.

THE ELIZA ROXEY SNOW MEMORIAL POEM

There seems to be a misconception in the minds of some persons who read the announcement concerning the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial poem. The idea is not to write a poem with Miss Snow as the subject, but to write a poem on any fitting theme that may suggest itself to the writer. To ask contributors to write a poem on Eliza R. Snow only, worthy as was her life, and confine them to that one topic, would at once defeat the purpose of the memorial, which is to stimulate the writing of good poetry. All poets have their favorite themes, and do better work when permitted to select their own subjects; therefore persons competing for the prize may select any subject they desire.

Put a Christian in the presence of sin and he will spring at its throat, if he is a true Christian.—*Wendell Phillips.*

The Word of Wisdom

Lucy Wright Snow

On February 21, 1833, Joseph, the modern seer and prophet, received a remarkable revelation known as "The Word of Wisdom," the substance of which deals with man's temporal salvation. The revelation not only especially points out the errors of intemperance both in food and drink for the human body, but embodies wonderful promises to those who will study it and live up to its teachings; namely, that the weak and sick shall receive their health, also great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures for their guidance and benefit.

The Latter-day Saints have been in possession of this valuable document ninety years, during which time its validity has been tested thousands of times with the result that thousands of souls have testified to the verification of the promises made therein. It has been read and commented upon extensively throughout the world and many great health institutions have been organized which by adherence to its principles even in part, have been able to alleviate thousands of suffering human beings from their many and varied ills, while those who have followed its teachings diligently, have not only been able to cure their physical ills, but have kept their minds and bodies in a state of health, and gained hidden treasures of knowledge that have raised their standards of living, increased their faith and multiplied their joys, in proportion to their understanding of and obedience to its teachings.

An effective outline covering the promotion of general health for all people, and even cattle, will be found in the Word of Wisdom, while those who need special advice or individuel healings will find their remedies under the heading of "Hidden Treasures," providing they themselves command them by obedience to the general outline and prayer for further light, but it must be the "prayer of faith, nothing wavering," if the desired blessings be granted, for no blessings are obtainable, except by obedience to the law upon which they are predicated.

The human body requires the most careful measured amounts of food, air and water to assist in the process of its earthly existence or onward march to its final perfection. In the wisdom of the Lord, work and exercise are also necessary, as in the case of Adam being cast out of the Garden of Eden, thereby making it imperative for him to earn his food by the "sweat of his brow."

High blood pressure, torpid liver, auto intoxication, headache, nervous exhaustion, and other manifestations of digestive disturbances can many times be traced to over eating, or eating im-

properly balanced rations and lack of exercise, without which the body perishes for lack of oxygen.

Brigham Young once prophesied that the time would come when stoves would be eliminated from our kitchens. That time seems to be close at hand. Science having discovered the truths set forth in the Word of Wisdom, educators are advocating the use of more uncooked foods, or foods in their natural state, such as fruits and every herb in its season. Noted dietians are pointing out the value of these foods for the vitamines and mineral salts they contain, and physicians advise the curtailment of meat and cooked foods, candies, and such rich concoctions as are made up only to tempt the appetite.

Nervous exhaustion and self pity too often become the disease of the woman past forty simply because she begins to lead a too sedative life, lives on meager diet, usually stimulative, or over eats while her body starves for the vitamines nature calls so loudly for, and she takes on excessive flesh.

Mother Love

While waiting her turn at the grocery the other day, the Woman witnessed a pathetic example of one variety of mother love.

"Mommer, I want some crackers."

"All right, Dearie, Mommer will buy you some."

"Mommer, I want a dog."

"All right, Precious, Popper will buy you one.—No, Darling, you cannot have any more crackers.—Well, just two, then."

"Mommer, I want to go home."

"Yes, Dearest, we're going in just a minute. Now you mustn't take any more crackers."

Darling takes three this time.

Sudden assertion of authority: "Albert, you cannot have any more crackers, not a single one. I mean it."

Display of Darling's sweet temper; he reaches for the nearest object and batters it on the counter. It is a bag of eggs.

"Madam, your little boy has broken this lady's eggs."

"Oh, did he? That's all right; I'll pay for them. Darling, you must look what you are doing. You thumped the wrong bag."
—*New York Sun.*

Airplane a Lusty Infant

For a nineteen-year-old infant, the airplane is quite husky, thank you. It was on December 17, 1903, now nineteen years ago, that Orville Wright astonished the world by flying, at Kittyhawk, N. C., in a crude biplane, for all of fifty-nine seconds at the rate of thirty miles on hour.

Many years before that the American writer, J. T. Trowbridge, had taken a fling at the flying proposition in his humorous verse, "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," which the elders of today used to read with wonder in their old school books. Darius was a Yankee lad, with ambition, just as are many boys of today, and had enough persistence to try out his ideas, even if he did meet with disaster.

Darius' intention to "astonish the nation and all creation" by flying over the Fourth of July celebration, came tc grief when he landed in the barnyard amid the ruins of his "flying machine." But Mr. Trowbridge lived long enough (he died in 1916, at the age of eighty-nine years) to see the "idee" of the Yankee lad become a successful fact when worked out by the Buckeye boy.

The problem had engaged the attention of thinkers, usually styled "visionaries," for many years. Back in the middle of the last century Duechemin had published a work dealing with the pressure on planes at different angles. Lilienthal in the '80s and Langley in the '90s had confirmed the earlier ideas of Duechemin. On the work of these pioneers the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, the latter now deceased, predicated their own efforts, and they won out against all scoffers.

Today the airplane has been brought to such perfection that it can remain in continuous flight for forty-eight hours, or travel at a speed of 200 miles, or carry twenty men for long distances. It is regularly utilized in the carriage of mail and other freight, as well as in regular passenger service both in this and foreign lands. And it's only nineteen years since that first brief, successful flight was made back in North Carolina!—*Los Angeles Herald.*

Patriotism

In an article on "Patriotism and Public Spirit," in your June 7 issue, the writer says: "Patriotism is the highest of all virtues, consummating all virtues of any genuine human significance." Edith Cavell did not agree with him. As she went to her death, she said: "Patriotism is not enough." Who doubts the patriotism of every German who obeyed the Kaiser's call to arms?

The writer calls the tomb of the Unknown Soldier "the most sacred spot in America." What about Mount Vernon, the Independence Hall and Gettysburg? He decries the professor who teaches his class: "They do it better in England or Germany or Switzerland; we Americans are so provincial." Why should national conceit be any more admirable than personal or family conceit? Why not admit that we have been too much absorbed in our own affairs and have been provincial, just as you might admit that you were too short or that your family were not singers?

Some things Great Britain does much better than we. She gets through an election and gets to work in two weeks with a new Parliament. We wait thirteen months and let the "lame ducks" legislate against the people's will. Why not learn something from her when much of our political machinery is so notoriously clumsy and needs revision? Germany before the war had her cities far better governed than ours. She had better city planning, relying on experts and not on haphazard development; she had cleaner streets, more public galleries, gymnasia, better building laws, etc. Why not admit it as you would admit that your neighbor was a better musician or better farmer than yourself? Switzerland led us in the initiative and referendum; Australia, in the Australian ballot. Why not avail ourselves of every bright idea that any one in any land has thought of?

Said Goldwin Smith: "Above all Nations is Humanity." This has become the motto of many college clubs. Would that it were written in golden letters on the walls of every schoolroom. Said Emerson: "The right patriotism consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantages to the benefit of humanity."

—Lucia Ames Mead, *Journal of Education.*

'Tis to Hope

Gertrude P. Knapp

O, it's hope, hope, hope,
When there isn't any hope,
  And it's keep on fighting to the end!
Just double up your grit when you feel like losing it,
  And peg away till matters start to mend.

O, It's smile, smile, smile,
When you haven't any smile,
  And take the blows of fortune in the face;
Go ahead and see it thru with the nerve and heart of you
  Put your soul into the running of the race!

—*March Nautilus.*

Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

THEOLOGY AND TESTIMONY
(First Week in November)

Habits and Customs in Heaven.—Part II.

A. Preparing and ordaining individuals for special missions, is a custom in heaven. The Prophet Jeremiah 1:4-5 :

"Then the word of the Lord came unto me saying,

"Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee; and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

Other great characters, *Compendium Gems,* page 285, paragraph 3:

"*Foreordination of Man.*—May 12. 1844. Every man who has a calling to minister to the inhabitants of the world was ordained to that very purpose in the Grand Council of heaven before this world was."

B. The sending of special messengers to earth to perform a special mission is a custom in heaven.

1. The angel of the Lord to Adam, *Pearl of Great Price,* Book of Moses, 5:6, 7, 8.

"And after many days, an angel of the Lord appeared unto Adam, saying: Why dost thou offer sacrifices unto the Lord? And Adam said unto him: I know not, save the Lord commanded me.

"And then the angel spake, saying: This thing is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father which is full of grace and truth.

"Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son for evermore."

2. The visit of the angels to investigate and act in case of Sodom and Gomorrah. Genesis, 19: 1-2, 15-23.

"And there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom; and Lot seeing them, rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face toward the ground:

"And he said, Behold now, my lords, turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet; and ye shall rise up early, and go on your ways. And they said, Nay: but we will abide in the street all night."

"And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot saying, Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

"And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him, and they brought him forth, and set him without the city.

"And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

"And Lot said unto them, Oh, not so, my Lord:

"Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast shewed unto me in saving my life; and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die;

"Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one; Oh, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one) and my soul shall live.

"And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.

"Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.

"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar."

3. Gabriel to Mary, Luke 1: 26-27:

"And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth.

"To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary."

4. The many messengers of the Dispensation of the Fulness of times. Doc. & Cov. 128: 20-21.

"And again, what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfilment of the prophets—the book to be revealed. A voice of the Lord in the wilderness of Fayette, Seneca county, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book. The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light. The voice of Peter, James and John, in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehenna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times.

"And again the voice of God in the chamber of old father

Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca county, and at sundry times and in divers places through all the travels and tribulations of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And the voice of Michael, the archangel; the voice of Gabriel, and of Raphael, and of divers angels from Michael or Adam, down to the present time, all declaring their dispensations their rights, their keys, their honors, their majesty and glory, and the power of their Priesthood; giving line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little—giving us consolation by holding forth that which is to come, confirming our hope."

Doc. & Cov., Sec. 110: 11, 12, 13, 14:

"After this vision closed, the heavens were again opened unto us, and Moses appeared before us, and committed unto us the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the ten tribes from the land of the north.

"And after this, Elias appeared, and committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, saying that in us, and our seed, all generaitons after us should be blessed.

"And after this vision had closed, another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us, and said—

"Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he, (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come.

"To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse."

September of the present year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the appearance of the angel Moroni. It is suggested that the prophet Joseph's testimony concerning this event be read, *Pearl of Great Price*, pages 88 to 96, and that the hymns, "What was witnessed in the heavens?" as the opening hymn, and "An angel from on high," as the closing hymn be sung.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Give a list of the special messengers of this dispensation.
2. What does the sending of so many special messengers in this dispensation indicate?
3. What is your personal testimony of the mission of the Angel Moroni?

LESSON II

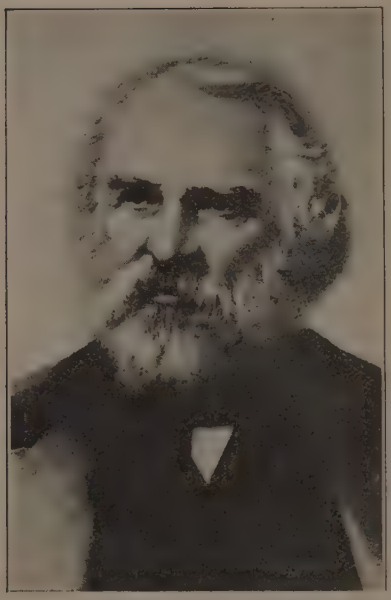
Work and Business

(Second Week in November.)

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in November.)



A convenient and not unusual way to make a study of Longfellow's poems is to classify them as didactic, poems of the affection, and poems more imaginative. He also gives us a group of nature poems as well as his famed narratives and translations. Among his didactic poems the "Psalm of Life" is at the head. Among the poems of the affection, "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Old Clock on the Stairs" are representative. A good illustration of his imaginative poems are "The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," and "The Skeleton in Armour." Among his nature poems, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Rainy Day," and "The Day in Done," are significant.

Longfellow's gift of sympathy, both in his writing and his dealings with his fellow men was one of his very striking characteristics. The essence of his poems of imagination and affection, as well as much that is best in his nature poems, is born very largely of this gift of sympathy.

No survey of Longfellow's writings would be complete that did not place emphasis upon his narratives. After six centuries of artistic writing contributed by the English, we learn to know how very rare a good narrative poet really is. Among the English poets the names of Chaucer, Scott and Tennyson stand out preeminently as writers of narrative poems. Longfellow has no superior and scarcely an equal among our American writers, as a writer of narrative poetry. "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," are among the most pleasing stories in verse to be found in the literature of our mother tongue.

"Evangeline," a story of the love of a young couple settled in Acadia, in the village of Grand Pre, develops in-

to an intense tragedy. The nature setting is beautiful and carries with it the charm of the primeval woodland. It is related that Longfellow and Hawthorne were at a dinner where the story of the expulsion of the Acadians, including the expulsion of Gabriel and Evangeline, was related. The guests immediately recognized the value of the story as literary material, and felt that Hawthorne should make use of it. Time passed and the novelist made no use of it. Finally, Longfellow asked permission to use it, and when "Evangeline" was written Hawthorne congratulated him very heartily on his achievement. Longfellow's reply to his friend's very warm note was to the effect, "that he had written a poem that many people would call prose, but had Hawthorne made use of the material he would have written a prose tale that many people would have called poetry." Some commentators on Longfellow have said that he put into the characters of this poem much of the sweetness of his own nature.

"Hiawatha," also a narrative of merit, is unique in its rhythm and carries with it the atmosphere of Indian life that has been exalted into the realm of poetry.

Enamored as he was with the literature of Europe, Longfellow made use of the verse forms he came in contact with there, as well as the material he amassed. His poetry has proved to be more vital than his prose, and yet it is only fair in passing to say something of "Outre-Mer" and "Hyperion."

"Outre-Mer" resembles in style the "Sketch Book" of Irving, although it is more boyish in its sentiment. It records the poet's reminiscences in France, Spain and Italy. "Hyperion" has been very properly called a prose romance.

In our last lesson we were made acquainted with the fact that Longfellow lost the wife of his youth in Europe. She died in Rotterdam. A line of his tells us that he "bowed his head and would fain have been bound up in the same sheaf with the sweet blue flower." In his grief and yearning he turned to German romanticism, and as a result gave us "Hyperion" which is, among other things, an account in prose of his years of lonely wandering after the death of his young wife.

Longfellow's intensely human traits made large appeal to all who came in contact with him. Many people called at his home and he entertained them with very great patience. Among his last callers were three or four boys of the public schools of Cambridge, who were received by him on that occasion in the very pleasantest fashion.

Longfellow was very popular among the Harvard students. At one time when the students were in a ferment of agitation he was asked to see what he could do to bring about a state of tranquility. He stepped out on a balcony to address the students who were seething below and when they saw him some one in the un-

ruly group exclaimed, "Let's listen to Longfellow—he has always been our friend."

Longfellow's emotional life maintained an even tenor for the most part, but he knew sorrow and there are some flashes of humor from him. A friend approaching him after the death of his second wife suggested that he hoped he would be able to bear his cross, to which remark he replied, "But what if one is stretched out on that cross."

No one can fail to see the quiet humor lurking in the "Courtship of Miles Standish." An example of his ready repartee is found in a story that tells us that at one time Mr. Longfellow was introduced to a man by the name of Longworth. He smilingly retorted—

"Worth makes the man, the lack of it the fellow."

In the latter part of his life, as the end approached, he got a good deal of consolation from his translations. When he was a student the ease of his translation had been noted. After Bryant had lost his wife he turned to the translations of the Greek poet Homer; after Longfellow's second deep sorrow he rendered into English verse Dante's immortal epic "The Divine Comedy."

On the 50th anniversary of the Class of 1825, which class was Longfellow's graduation class, he read a poem, written for the occasion, called "Morituri Salutamus," a few stanzas of which we include.

"O Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die,
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! Ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where,
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

This poem will undoubtedly find an echo in the hearts of many students whose college days are far behind them. It has been called his twilight song, yet for another seven years he was permitted to make the air melodious with his singing.

When Tennyson died his admirers could find no more fitting tribute to him than his own lines to the Duke of Wellington. It is hard to find a tribute to Longfellow more apt than his own tribute to the poet found in the "Arrow and the Song" which we include:

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Read "The Village Blacksmith" and tell why it has made such large appeal to its readers. Is the emotional element of that poem such as would appeal to a select group or to a large number of persons?

2. Select the words in the poem "The Rainy Day" that suggest a rainy day.

Are they true to a rainy day as you think of such a day?

How has Longfellow referred this rainy day to life?

What do you think of the comfort he offers to those sad of heart, in the last stanza?

3. Turn to the poem "Morituri Salutamus" and select the passage dedicated to his old professors. Do you think he himself was an appreciative student, meriting the appreciation he had from his own students in later life?

4. Which of Longfellow's poems is your favorite?

5. Have somebody read a few lines from "Hiawatha" and a few lines from "Evangeline" and note the difference in the movement of the verse of these respective poems.

How old was Longfellow when he died? In what year did his death occur?

7. Read to the class if your time will permit either *King Robert of Sicily* or *The Birds of Killingworth.*

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

THE HOME AND ITS MATERIAL OBLIGATION

Upon the financial condition of the family depend its com-

forts, social opportunities, education and general welfare. As its income increases better houses can be built with finer and more comfortable furniture, more books can be bought, opportunities for higher and more thorough education for the children present themselves. In one sense the material condition of the family is the foundation upon which all the higher interests and values of the family depend.

This does not imply that wealth is in itself a guarantee of family welfare. Financial conditions are essential but not the sole condition. Some of the other conditions we have already discussed. The task of providing the family with the necessaries of life is a sacred obligation. The revelation of the Lord adds significance to this responsibility.

"And again, verily I say unto you, that every man who is obligated to provide for his own family, let him provide and he shall in nowise lose his crown; and let him labor in the church.

"Let every man be diligent in all things. And the idler shall not have place in the church, except he repent and mend his ways." Doctrine and Covenants, 75:28-29.

The Husband's Part

It is man's duty to provide the family with the necessities of life. He that will not provide for his family, says the Lord, is worse than an infidel. These are strong words but their significance cannot be doubted. When a man marries and undertakes to rear a family he has undertaken a serious responsibility and is expected to meet the obligations to the best of his ability. In his struggle to do this it should be understood by himself, as well as by his wife, that whatever his work may be, if it is necessary to human welfare and the community requires it, it is honorable. And in doing such work to the best of his ability he is serving, not only his family but the community as well as keeping a commandment of God. In the gospel of Jesus Christ we have always been taught to regard work as honorable and the worker as worthy of his hire.

The Joy of Work

It is unfortunate that so many men feel that the work which they are doing is not worth while. Such an attitude deprives them of the real joy of labor. In requiring that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, God surely did not intend to impose a curse of drudgery upon him. Work is a blessing not only because of the material things procured through it, but because of its wholesome effect upon the mind and body of the worker. But this effect comes only when the work is really enjoyed, when the worker feels that he is really contributing something to human welfare. Man by nature is active and loves to

take hold of the world's work. If he does not, it is generally because of poor health, discouragement and other conditions which may have deprived him of the normal incentive to work. Much can be done by the family and the community to encourage men to be more happy in their vocation.

Woman's Part

In the average home the woman performs the duty of wife, mother and housekeeper. Besides the moral and educational influences which she must wield, her task is to prepare the food and the clothing and assume general charge of the household duties. In doing this she is a producer in a real sense. In fact, she has the double function of producing and distributing the necessities of life. The other members of the family depend upon her for the preparation of food and clothing but they also depend upon her for a fair distribution of the material goods to each of them. So important is this responsibility that it usually absorbs the entire time of a woman, leaving hardly time enough for rest and social recreation. This is especially true when she is the mother of a large family.

Appreciation of Woman's Work

The value of a woman's work is not always fully appreciated. A woman who is engaged with household duties has generally no way of measuring the worth of her service other than by the direct expression of appreciation of other members of the family. Unless those who are thus immediately served by her do not respond, the woman "feels that she has failed to do something really worth while. If her work is not valued, she feels that it is not valuable."—Dewey & Tuft: *Ethics*, pp. 286-587.

The difficulty lies in the nature of woman's work. In this age of specialization, of scientific methods, and of quantitative measuring of results, it seems to some minds that woman is an unskilled laborer, a jack of all trades. Since a good dinner and a clean house is the only thing that is tangible to the unreflecting mind, woman is thought to be simply a cook and a house cleaner. The great spiritual and moral values which she produces in the character of her children can not be easily measured. On the other hand, men and women who make success as writers, teachers, musicians, or artists receive the social applause, while the woman who succeeds as wife and mother generally receives special mention only at her funeral and when the last rites are being performed. These conditions must change, if woman is to continue to serve in the home, now that she feels her independence and recognizes powers within herself equal to those of men. As a result of the woman's rights movement and her voice in politi-

cal and educational matters, the home is receiving more attention. Woman is beginning to insist upon recognition not only as a housekeeper but as a companion to man and as a mother of children. She is asking for more relief from the simple routine duties which can be done by unskilled workers or by machinery. She is asking for a voice in her husband's business. She wants to be considered as her husband's partner in the management of the farm.

Men are, on the other hand, beginning to feel more and more their duty to their home. They are beginning to feel a direct responsibility in the rearing of and caring for children. The extension of education into matters of home life is developing an appreciation for woman's service. The shorter hours of labor which is giving men more time at home has a tendency to place more home responsibility upon their shoulders.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. In what ways is the happiness of the home dependent upon the material income?
2. Is wealth an absolute guarantee to family welfare? Explain the reason for your position.
3. Explain the commandment of the Lord concerning men's duty to provide for their families.
4. If a man puts forth an earnest effort and yet his income is not large enough to meet the needs which are felt by his wife to be essential, what is his duty in the matter?
5. What effect does it have upon a man who works hard to support his family and yet hears his wife complain of their poverty?
6. What is the advantage of feeling that the work we are doing is worth while?
7. Why do some people not fully appreciate woman's work?
8. How does education tend to make woman's work more fully appreciated?
9. Will the shorter working day have any effect upon the condition of the home? Explain.
10. Under what conditions may a married woman be justified in undertaking work outside of the home?

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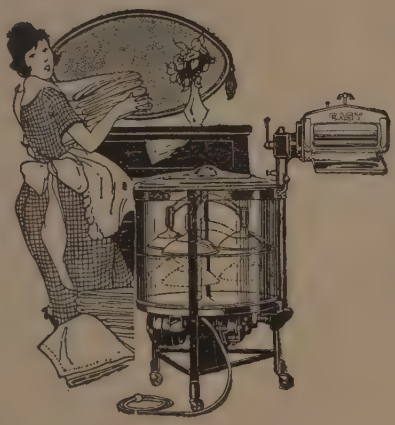

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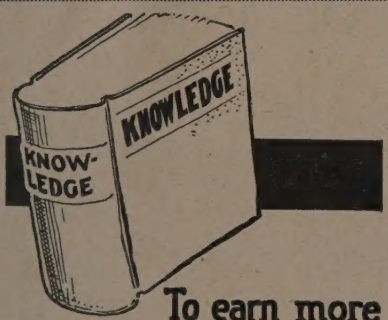

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